

Don't Dream It's Over by [yamiitam \(orphan_account\)](#)

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Other Additional Tags to Be Added, Rating May Change

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Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Florence "Flo" (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Karen Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Ted Wheeler, Troy (Stranger Things), Will Byers

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Summary:

"El?" Mike said, voice searching, just above a whisper.

There he was, standing in the silent classroom. A single tear rolled down his cheek as he now frantically scavenged the room for any trace of the girl who seemed to disappear in front of their eyes.

Don't Dream It's Over

Author's Note:

haha ok so this is my first fanfic EVER, so don't expect too much.... i tried my best.

Summary for the Chapter:

We see how Mike's doing after El's disappearance.

"El?" Mike said, voice searching, just above a whisper. There he was, standing in the silent classroom.

A single tear rolled down his cheek as he now frantically scavenged the room for any trace of the girl who seemed to disappear in front of their eyes.

"El?" He huffed out.

"E-Eleven?" the tears started coming, one by one, faster as each one fell.

They all looked around, finding her nowhere to be seen.

"W-Where'd she go?" Mike choked out. Eyes still wandering around but his body staying in place due to lack of energy.

There was a long pause, the only sound was ragged breathing and soft sobs.

"She's gone." Dustin whispered breaking the silence.

"No! S-she can't be?" Mike's stomach dropped at the thought, his knees starting to wobble. *There's no way! She's stronger than that! She has to be alive.. right?* He tried to convince himself. Half of him didn't believe it but deep down he knew she was out there, he could feel it

-Winter 1983, Hawkins, Indiana-

He sat on the couch in his basement reading a comic. He glanced at the fort, it was dusty and faded. *Don't look at it.* He told himself but couldn't take his eyes off it. He walked over to it, one of the only things he had left of her. He could almost see her, huddled in there holding his SuperCom, fiddling with the buttons and tuners. More memories flooding his mind.

"What's it mean.. eleven?" Mike asked, intrigued by the tattoo on the girls wrist. She pointed at herself with a slow, steady finger.

"That's your name?" She nodded in response.

"Um Eleven, ok, well my name is Mike, short for Michael" he stated simply but had a puzzled look on his face, "Maybe we could call you El, short for Eleven." El nodded .

"Um well, ok," Mike took that as a yes, since she was a seemingly quite person, "Night El"

"Night Mike"

"Mike!" a muffled voice followed by a pound on the basement door brought him back to reality. He quickly wiped his watery eyes and fiddled with the doorknob until it opened.

Lucas observed Mike quizzically. He noticed his runny nose and puffy eyes. He'd obviously been crying but all the boys have gotten used to seeing each other like that. None of them acted the same after that dreadful week that they all tried their best to forget. But they all managed to get back on track, to push through the school days, to act like nothing happened because the rest of the sleepy town knew nothing about it, nor did they notice or were they even fazed by the strange behavior of those 4 kids. But Mike had it the worst. His grades dropping, never paying attention in class. He didn't talk with his friends anymore much either. Lucas was positive Mike hadn't smiled since they visited Will for the first time in the hospital.

Usually when they visited him Mrs. Wheeler would say he's on a walk or he'd be cooped up in his room, hiding from the "cruel world" outside.

"Hey dude.. whats up?" Lucas asked hoping he wasn't interrupting anything.

"Nothing." Mike responded his voice soft and raw.

"I wanted to know if you wanted to like, study or uh, hang out maybe?" Lucas pondered, just wanting his best friend back. Wanting to talk and play games like they used to. To play on Mike's Atari and when Lucas would win Mike would push him off the couch. To laugh and see his bright smile while he surprises them with something in his new campaign. To just see him be happy again, instead of seeing him like this, like a ghost floating around in his place. The only emotions you could see on his face were in his eyes, where if you looked closely enough you could see the pain, suffering and guilt.

"Um, maybe take a walk?" Mike suggested with a sniffle.

"Ok, wanna go get your coat?" Lucas asked carefully, like if the slightest noise would change his mind or break him even more.

Mike just nodded, walking up the basement stairs to put warmer clothes on. As he got into his room he saw the blue sweater he loaned to her when they first met. He couldn't wear that anymore, it sat on his dresser collecting dust just like the fort, just like everything that reminded him of her. Instead he put on a dark green sweater and his light brown button up jacket, he kept his jeans on and slipped on his white sneakers. With a sigh he slumped down the stairs to meet Lucas by the front door.

"Lets get going?" Lucas asked. As Lucas turned around to the door he heard a small sob. He turned around to the sniffing mess before him. Mike walked over to him. He fell into his arms and broke down. Sobs wracked his body and he laid his head on Lucas's shoulder. Lucas rubbed his back whispering reassuring words to him as he turned into a trembling lump in his arms. The sobs died down to sniffles and Mike was relieved to have let that out. Mike collected himself and they headed out the door. Tomorrow is another day.

Notes for the Chapter:

well hope you liked it! the ending was a little rushed
:-/ leave some comments (and kudos) if you want
another chapter!